



THE MESSENGER'S

SENTENCE:

POEMS

WILLIAM LINVILLE



HAUMEA
1995

THE MESSENGER'S SENTENCE
Poems by William Linville
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Haumea
4044 Papu Circle
Honolulu, Hawai'i 96816

The chronic dream
Of the selfish
Is genocide.
They are not me,
Not mine,
They should die.
Their difference
Is unbearable.

God gave this land
To my ancestors.
They had none,
Nor a decent god.

Look at my hair,
My eyes, my skin,
See the beauty
Of my children.

The ugliness
Of those others
Soils my world.

Ascepsis,
Purification,
With clean hands
And a pure heart
I reach
For the future

On The Election of Tories

It was one of those dreams
Of the Other Land.
Leni and I
Were riding
The Black Motorcycle
Through tree crowded streets
Towards the mountains.

Be careful, she said,
You know the danger
In making a turn
To the Right.

It's the bike,
I told her,
Something
About the steering.

We swung wide,
Into the Right,
Crossing traffic,
Cutting everything.

Oh, she moaned,
You collaborated
With the bent machine,

That old ditch
Is bottomless.

Remember

My Granny told me
That virginity
Regenerates
In the seven year cycle
Of the Hazel tree.

I am tired of prostitution,
Weary with theatrical lies.

I abjure the Corporation,
Reseal my finestrations,
Mix my poetic medication
Under Granny's Tree.

I shall yet be free.

Dr. Fix

We need more doctors.
Any group preventing
Their education
Is the enemy of the people.

If it is a group,
Abolish it.
If it is one person,
Exile him.

Educate doctors,
Assign practices,
Pay a decent wage,
With rewards and fines
To encourage
Continuing education.

Educate
The popular perception:
Doctors like Chefs,
Hairdressers,
Airbus Pilots.
They learn skills and go on working
To become more human
As they age.

Our present way
Is a superstition
Retarding the quality
Of our lives.

Victims

The soldiers
Of the Corporate Ranks
Are people too,
So as they fight
The Corporation's Wars
Against the people
They are like clowns
Hitting each other
With spikey clubs
Because the Ringmaster
Thinks it will
Cause the crowd to laugh.

Odd clowns
Projecting their pain.

There is, after all
Only one place to live,
One set of needs.

Henry Ford said:
At any time
I can buy
Half the American People
To kill the other half.

Listen to that.
Leave to the powerful
The symbols of their power,
Never contest for that.
Watch to know
Who sets your needs
And why.
Question everything.

The powerful parade
To rouse your envy.
Try your best,
You'll never
Join them.

Find your frontier,
Flee your indenture.

They will follow
In their machinery
Of confusion,
Smoke, lights,
Naked bodies,
They move slowly.

Be swift and free.

Henry Ford also said:
I never went to school.
I'm not an engineer.
I'm not a scientist.
I don't have
To know these things.
I can buy
The people who do,
And make them
Fight each other
To be bought.

Ford made infants cry
And husbands
Strike their wives.

He conspired with death,
And bent the minds
Of all those
Who called him Boss.

Devil, Hero, God,
What awful texture
Within us
Squeezes out
Our Fords.

Puzzle it out
Before it kills you.

Notes On Husbandry

Before John Brown,
Colonel Olcott
Had gone to Iowa
Where he practiced
Intensive Agriculture.
He said:

Don't eat your seed corn,
Don't butcher your brood sow,
Be content with a sufficiency,
Last your life without want.

Profit takers make no product,
Except in spoiled lives,
But clever Managers
Never understand why.

Olcott said:
As he ascended the scaffold
John Brown's eyes
Were lightning and thunder
In prairie skies.

Veblenesquery

Clearly,
The Old Woman Said,
The secret rule
Of The Corporate State
Has failed
As utterly
As any tyrant's rule
In human history.

The Human Family
Alone is preserved,
Defending
Trade and Craft,
Detesting
The autocrat's rule,
The self appointed
Nobility.

TV CRITIC

Once you've eliminated
All the easy answers
Whatever's left
No matter how difficult
Is probably true.

Literature,
The Theatre,
Comedy or Tragedy,
Strengthened
And ennobled
The Audience
For three thousand years,
As necessary to the people
As their food,
Or the gods.

But in television
Nothing nourishes,
There is no content.

We watched it
As it was removed
With purpose, intention,
Speed, and completeness
Whenever it appeared.

Why do you suppose
That was done?

Oratorio

In Philip's Cave,
The weft
Of recollection,
I trade tales with
Volpiel,
The Wolf of Angels.

I speak
Of Mohammed's wrestling
For The Surahs
In Gabriel's Cave.

He tells
Of the blue and silver star
Hanging yet
In Hagia Sofia's dome.

Some, he said,
Shaking out
His great grey wings,
Never quit.

His smile is full of fangs,
And his eyes are summer
And deep snow.
He radiates the deep of space,
And a hint
Of blue and silver.

Show us, Wolf,
How not to quit.

(A Philipo Neri)

In preparing the war
Against fascism
We became fascists.

In our opposition
To Soviet Imperialism
We made our empire.

Now in the war
Against Corporate exploitation,
Their War Against The People,
We must not make
Those mistakes again.

Oppose them
With their opposite

Our strategy
Must be
Individual and human.

Our opposition
Diverse
And uncooperative.

Analyze their lies
And dissolve them.

From illusion
Move to life.

Responsibly consume
Their irresponsibility,
Deplete their lies..

Remember

The evening before
The president
Spoke on the radio
Assuring us
That he had no intention
To invade Cambodia.

The following morning
He invaded
Following
Intense bombing.

We went to
The president
Of the University
Asking permission
To demonstrate.

He called the police.

At the Square,
Before the gates,
We met police,
The National Guard,
And plain clothes others.

Batons,
Gas,
The end of childhood

Notes On Progress

Was it Dr. Toynbee who said:
Unless the will be engaged
There is only cyclic randomness?
And:
With comet-like return
War cuts and sears
The human segments.

Those drifters and losers,
Excluded from the mainstream,
Bald shade-tree-sitters,
Old Greek duffers
Seducing the young,
The unorthodox
Young Rabbi
From the Kibbutz near
Nazareth.
Italian mopers
Who drop out of commerce
Keeping wolves
In Plato's Cave,
They all fled
The gearwheels
Of confusion,
The random comet,
The falling sky.

At the proper joining
Of cycles
Dr. Toynbee recanted,
But it moved.

A Note On American
Place Names

When
You've got
A whole continent
To map and name
There's no wonder
So many place names
Are
Paradiddle
Spelled Backwards.

Notes To The Old

Once the trumpeting
And breeding
Is done

What is he good for
Under the sun

An atavism
Of the
Sexual scism

An emptied
Vessicle
Of
The evolving
Gism

Whatever is left
Is life's
Added on sum

Now that
The mating is past
Let's get on
With some fun
That will last.

Remember Chocolate?

I made chocolate bars
Out of milk, sugar, and chocolate.
Each piece cost
Ten cents to make.
I sold them for fifteen.

I made a nickel,
And I was happy.
People loved my chocolate.
They lingered gossiping.
They called me by name.

I put in a coffee counter.
I made a nickel
On that too.

The guy across the street
Saw all this
But he didn't understand.

It is human honesty
Which holds society
Together.

He made something,
Out of wax, color, chemicals.
He called it Super Candy.
He wrapped it in foil
And sold it
For a dollar.
It cost two cents a pound
For him to make.

I had to do the same
To save my business.

When the children got sick
They didn't know
Where to find
The Super Candy Corporation,
So they broke my windows.

And I can't find a chocolate bar
Anywhere.

Business Is Business

The Chocolate Bar Principle
One introduced
Is applied
To anything marketed.

All food, clothing,
Any mechanism,
Electrical or electronic.
Imponderables,
Cars, trucks, boats,
Houses.

Education, training,
Medical care.
It is the cause
Of the strange unsatisfying
Texture of our lives.

Materials and craftsmanship
Grow cheaper and flimsier.
The life of usefulness
Of any purchased object
Grows shorter and shorter
And its price goes up and up.

Overhead down, profits up,
Life grows shabbier
And more tawdry.

Nothing works,
Nobody can fix it,
Nobody
Will talk about it.

"A"

The only purpose
Of any government
Is the protection
And assistance
Of the individual Citizen,
Without any modifiers.

Common sense
Knows that corporations,
Legal fictions,
Are not real citizens.

Human members
Of any corporation
Must be held responsible
For the crimes of the corporation.

We opposed
The foolish obfuscations
Of the Medieval Church.

We fought rational revolutions
Against the shabby mysticism
Of repressive monarchies.

We won these struggles,
For once their nature
Is clearly shown,
Nothing can save the tyrant
From the anger of the people.

"B"

Not all equally strong,
Not all equally rich,
All equal
In single responsibility.

Equally I put up my share,
Equally I take mine.
Equal in receiving,
Giving
According to physical limits.

Juror and Judge,
Teacher or Governor,
Soldier,
Or Social Worker.
Not hoarding wealth
Not denying
Necessity.

"C"

The profits
Of the corporation
Limited
According to multiples
Of members responsibility.

Judges content with that,
The citizens happy with it.

Balanced maintenance
Of a good life
Assured every citizen.

Competition directed
To personal growth.
Each life fulfilled
At last,
In its own best way.

For thousands of years
We have hungered for this.

Speculation

If The Lord Buddha
Had been Irish
He would
Have stood
In the middle
Of the Brawl
And shouted
Stop it,
You silly bastards,
I've come to tell you
That you don't have to struggle
Any more.

But he wasn't,
So he didn't,
So far as I know.

Hearst's Old Sweet Song

The Boston Massacre or
 Concord Bridge, I guess
 And then Impressment
 Of Yankee Sailors.

(Hoots) The firing on Fort Sumpter,
 The sinking of The Maine,
 The Lusitania,

(Shots) Pearl Harbor was bigger,
 And The Fifty Miles To Pusan,
 On The Coast,

(Shouting) And The Gulf of Tonkin.

(Killing a president)
 Then less distinct cause,

(Whistles) Bombs and threats of bombs,
 Air Liners in jeopardy,
 Pirated Tour Ships.

(Cracking) (Burning a city)

(Whips) Marines at Beirut.

Burned out Cafe,

(Slowly) Oil lines cut.

(A cureless disease).

(The) The Oklahoma Bomb

(Balky) (Motive)?

(Herd) Look closely,

Resist the first impulse.

(Moves)

(Through) A done thing

(the) Likely has a doer,

(Dust) A motive

(Towards The River).

Now Drink,
 Cowboy!!!

Notes From Ambrose Bierce

When your leader
Calles you to war
Kill him first
Then go and make peace
With his enemy.

When your leader
Tells you
To fight for peace
Show him
How to die
For life.

When your leader
Calls you a hero
For defending
Your family,
Thank him
Before
You shoot him.

A leader
Exhorting his people
To do violence,
In whatever cause,
Is a plague of rats
In the nursery.

Remove him
For the good
Of the children.

Perspective

In the world
Under Heaven
There is
Cause and effect.
But Interresponsibility
Splits as many ways
As actors inhabit context.

The self excusing know
That
Situations alter cases.

If I burden you
Until you break
And strike me,
Never expect me
To acknowledge
That cause.
Only saints do that,
The rest of us
See more clearly,
At least
The length
Of our noses.

In The Cornerstone.

Complete Ignorance
Depends upon
The curse
Of making
Not only
The wrong choice
Every time,
But it must be
The most stupid
Totally appositive
Choice possible.

Our inheritance
Is rich
In that.

My Resignation

What can the farmer
Expect
From the apple tree
Other than
Apples?

What does the fisherman
Expect
From the sea
Other than
Fish?

Looking at the sea,
Or the apple tree
The mind might make
An inference.

What can you
Expect
Of your mind?

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